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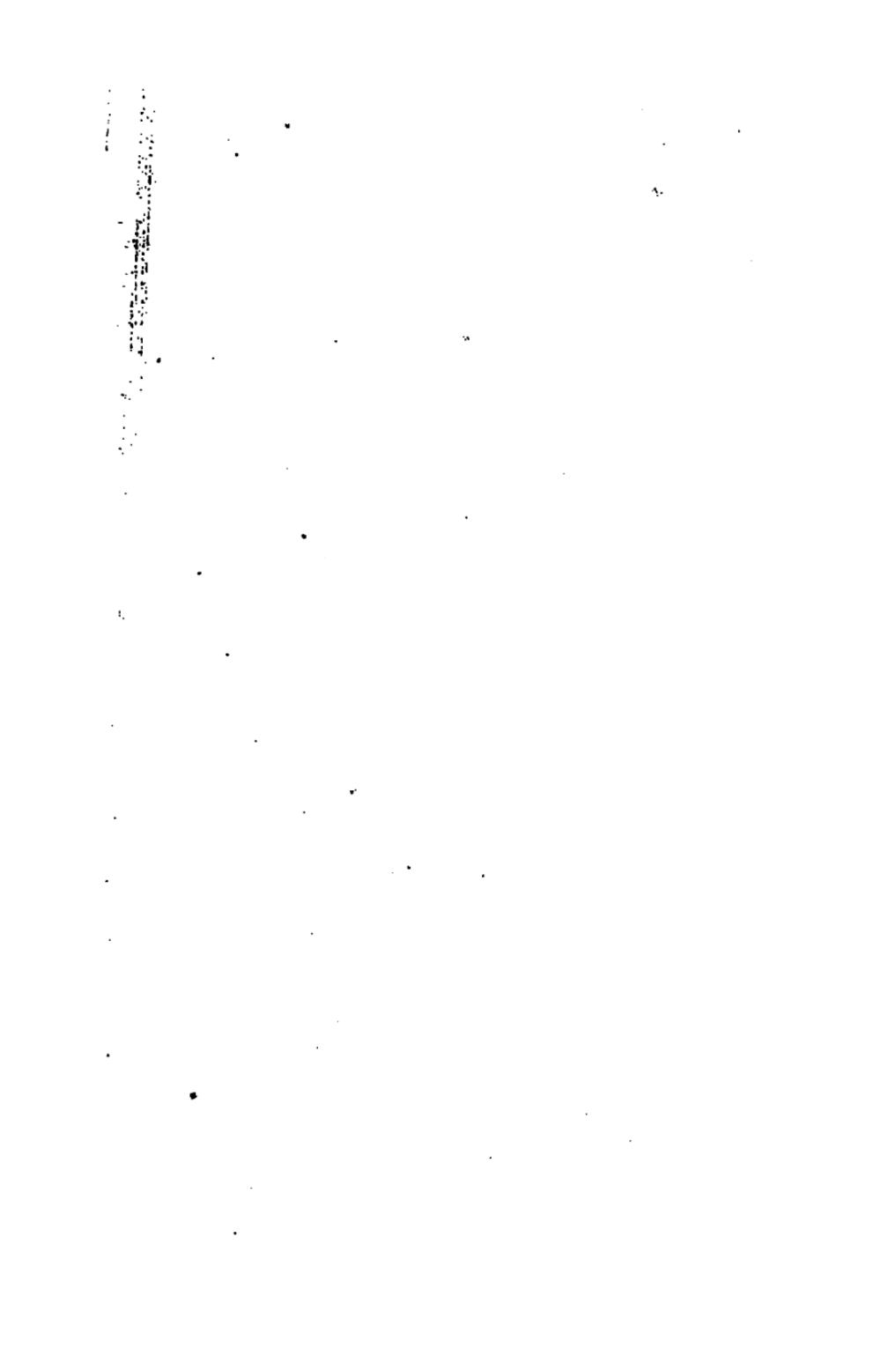


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HYMNS  
ON  
THE LITANY.

BY A. C.

---

"MY SOUL GASPETH UNTO THEE AS A THIRSTY LAND."

---

Oxford and London :  
JOHN HENRY AND JAMES PARKER.  
1865.

147. 9. 1.



TO THE MEMORY OF

*A beloved Brother*

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE WORK,

TRUSTING THAT, DESPITE ITS MANY IMPERFECTIONS,

IT MAY AID IN LEADING OTHER SOULS TO LOVE

THE TRUE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER,

WHEREIN ALONE

HE FOUND SUCH GREAT COMFORT AND PEACE

FOR THE TIME OF TRIBULATION

AND THE HOUR OF DEATH.



## Hymns on the Litany.

### I.

---

O GOD the Father, of heaven—

O GOD the Son, Redeemer of the world—

O GOD the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son—

*Have mercy upon us miserable sinners.*

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God—

*Have mercy upon us miserable sinners.*

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers ; neither take Thou vengeance of our sins : spare us, good Lord, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

*Spare us, good Lord.*

---

**H**UMBLY now, with deep contrition,  
We Thy mercy, Lord, entreat !

Now, as mourning, weeping, kneeling,

We bow down before Thy Feet.

Father, in the day of anguish,

And of darkness, and of shame,

Cling we to that precious promise

Made to us in Jesus' name.

*Hymns on the Litany.*

For His sake—our great Redeemer—  
Through His death of wondrous love,  
Dare we to approach the footstool  
Of Thy mighty throne above :  
Dare we, stained with such dishonour,  
Stained with sin, look up to Thee :  
Dare we, with our loathsome garments,  
To the Source of glory flee.

Dare we pray, with eager voices,  
For Thy blessing and Thy grace ;  
For one accent of forgiveness,  
For one glimmer of Thy Face.  
Aye, through Him who bore in sorrow—  
Bore in want, and woe, and strife—  
This same weight of human weakness,  
This same weary human life.

Through His Name, and by His merits,  
Whom we worship and adore,  
For His blessed sake, we pray Thee,  
Hear us—spare us evermore.  
By *His* hour of mortal weakness,  
Give Thine erring children strength,  
That *they* bear the burden bravely,  
That *they* win the crown at length.

II.

---

From all evil and mischief ; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil ; from Thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

---

IFE, like some far-reaching ocean,  
Stretches out on ev'ry side ;  
O'er its turbid, restless waters,  
Souls, like vessels, swiftly ride.

Guide us through this path of peril,  
That we wander not astray ;  
Warn us of the hidden quicksands,  
Keep us watchful of the way.

That we steer our fragile vessels  
Safely that wild sea across,  
With Thy Holy Word our compass,  
And our flag of peace, the Cross.

Keep our spirit-eyes unblinded,  
That we see the narrow track,  
That we never, heedless, faithless,  
Lose our way by looking back :

But press onward—ever onward—  
All unchecked by Satan's hand,  
All undaunted by the voices  
Of the world's bright syren-band.

Recking not of perfumed breezes,  
Luring to some spicy isle ;  
Recking not of Tempter's whisper,  
Recking not of Tempter's smile.

And when foe shall challenge battle,  
May we falter not for Thee,  
But, for sake of our dear colours,  
Fight and conquer manfully.

And we pray Thee—we entreat Thee—  
Keep our vessels in Thy sight ;  
Spare the storm of Thy displeasure,  
Spare the blackness of the night.

Spare the thunder and the whirlwind,  
Lest our crimson banner shake ;  
Spare the fury of the tempest—  
Spare us for our Captain's sake.

Spare Thy chosen ones, and guide them  
Through each rough and swelling wave ;  
Spare the horror of the shipwreck—  
God of heaven, hear and save.

May we sink not in our journey,  
Where no more a bark can rise ;  
May we stagger not, and perish,  
With the port before our eyes.

Lord Almighty, guide us—guard us—  
Through this rough and stormy sea,  
That, all fatal reefs escaping,  
We may safely come to Thee.



## III.

From all blindness of heart ; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy ; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

**B**Y that life so full of sorrow,  
 By that life and love divine,  
 By that death of deep dishonour,  
 By that bloody Cross of Thine—  
 Oh ! look down upon Thy children  
 As before Thy throne they bow,  
 And deliver them from evil,  
 And from sinning save them now.

Thou, whose life was ever faithful,  
 In its pure, unsullied light,  
 Grant that we may never falter  
 In our spiritual fight.  
 Let no darkness overshadow  
 One unstable human heart,  
 That it leave its work neglected—  
 Its ordained, appointed part.

Thou, whose earthly life was ever  
    In its lowliness so fair,  
Let us never lift these foreheads,  
    Which Thy blessèd signet bear,  
To dishonour that loved symbol  
    By the cursèd stamp of pride,  
At the sight of which the angels  
    Must in sorrow turn aside.

Oh, prevent us now from falling  
    To that hateful depth of shame,  
When, so dreadfully polluting  
    Thy adored and holy Name,  
We profess Thy life to follow,  
    And proclaim that we are Thine,  
Yet in secret still are sinning,  
    And will not our sins resign.

Not the hypocrite escapeth,  
    With his everlasting lie—  
Not the wolf, O gentle Shepherd,  
    Can deceive Thy searching Eye,  
As so lovingly It watcheth  
    O'er the welfare of the sheep  
That the Church—the fold of safety—  
    For Thy sake would ever keep.

Let us try Thy holy footprints  
In this maze of sin to trace—  
Blessèd steps of joy and sorrow,  
Nothing ever shall efface !  
Let us try to mould our natures  
By that pattern so divine ;  
Let our thoughts, and words, and actions,  
Be conformed, O God, to Thine.

With our lot in life contented,  
And the blessings Thou hast given—  
All so undeserved and countless—  
To make bright the road to heaven ;  
Not to covet those denied us,  
Nor to envy others' joy,  
But to cling to God's great riches  
That no power can destroy.

Oh, not hating, Lord, but loving,  
E'en as Thou Thyself didst love,  
When to give Thy Church salvation  
Thou didst leave Thy throne above ;  
Let us bear each others' burdens,  
Thy commandment to fulfil ;  
In patience and in gentleness  
Let us learn to do Thy will.

So that when this life is ended,  
Having fought it out with Thee,  
Having tried to do our duty,  
And to labour faithfully,  
We may hear the joyous welcome  
Peal through those unshadowed skies ;  
And, with all the white-robed angels,  
To Thine unveiled glory rise.



## IV.

From fornication, and all other deadly sin ; and from all the  
deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

**W**E are weak, and frail, and helpless,  
When alone we grope our way ;  
Thou, O Lord of Hosts, art mighty—  
Spare us, of Thy love we pray.

Spare us, gentle Spirit, spare us,  
By Thy purity divine,  
That we sin not by polluting  
These fair temple-shrines of Thine.

That no unchecked passion casteth  
On Thy dwelling-place a stain ;  
That no vestige of dishonour  
Shadows darkly there again.

Let us keep it pure and hallowed,  
From polluting passions free ;  
Keep it daily swept and empty,  
That it may be filled with Thee.

Let us guard the portal always  
From the foes that watch and wait ;  
Let us slumber not, nor wander  
From our station at the gate.

Though the syren-voices whisper,  
In their accents sweet and fond,  
Of the radiant country, lying,  
In its golden light, beyond.

Though the world's enchanting finger  
Ever beckons us away,  
From our hearts' besieged portal  
Let our footsteps never stray.

Though the tempter comes to murmur  
Wondrous stories in our ear,  
Comes with eloquence to charm us—  
Let us struggle not to hear.

Not to hear the poisoned whisper  
Of that language strange but old ;  
Not to hear the mingled doctrine  
That those lying lips unfold.

Aye, and though the shafts and missiles  
May fall heavily around,  
Let us, jealous for Thine honour,  
Still undaunted hold our ground.

Strong in Thee and in Thine armour,  
Let us watch and never sleep,  
That the citadel—the temple—  
May Thy blessed Presence keep.



V.

---

From lightning and tempest ; from plague, pestilence, and  
famine ; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

---

 ESU, Thou knowest  
All things indeed !  
Knowest each sorrow,  
Knowest each need ;  
Hearest and helpest  
All that are Thine ;  
Speakest with pity  
Sweet and divine.

Great Intercessor,  
Hear us to-day :  
Israel's Shepherd,  
Watch us, we pray.  
Watch every step our  
Journey along,  
Guard it from danger  
Sudden and strong.

*Hymns on the Litany.*

With arm of mercy  
Lead us, we pray—  
Lead us in safety  
All the rough way.  
By Thy compassion,  
Tender and free,  
Spare us to finish  
Working for Thee.

When we are wand'ring  
Valleys within—  
Valleys of shadow,  
Valleys of sin—  
Spare us to struggle  
Upward once more,  
Though through the pathways  
Weary and sore.

Pathways of sorrow—  
Penitence—shame—  
Where the Cross standeth,  
Marking Thy Name ;  
On to the green hills,  
Stretching away,  
Where darkness mergeth  
Into the day.

Hills that are lighted  
With faith divine—  
Faith that is humble,  
Like unto Thine.  
Sweet hills of sunshine,  
Where we can see  
Glimpses of heaven,  
Glimpses of Thee.

Spare Thy weak pilgrims,  
Jesu, we pray :  
Let them not perish  
Treading their way.  
Oh ! let them know Thee,  
Serve Thee, and love ;  
Faithfully—fondly—  
Looking above.

Saviour of sinners,  
Saviour of grace,  
Turn upon us the  
Light of Thy Face.  
Grant this petition,  
Humbly we pray—  
Cut not short quickly  
Our little day.

Let us be safely  
Sheltered in Thee,  
Ere the black shadow,  
Falling, we see ;  
Ere the cold waters,  
Rushing and deep,  
Ever resistless,  
Over us sweep.

Then let our eyes close  
Calmly at last,  
When death comes stealing  
Over us fast.  
And of Thy mercy,  
Saviour divine,  
Let them re-open  
Fixed upon Thine.



VI.

---

From all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion ; from all  
false doctrine, heresy, and schism ; from hardness of heart, and  
contempt of Thy word and commandment,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

---

**W**e love to think of the crystal cross—  
The mark that our foreheads bear ;  
Sweet type of Thine that the angels love,  
That spirits of darkness fear :  
And we long, as faithful, trusty sons,  
That covenant-sign to wear.

We love to think of the Mother Church,  
This beautiful Bride of Thine ;  
We love to know that her tender arms  
Will never Thy trust resign ;  
And long more worthily each to say,  
This refuge of peace is mine !

We love to taste, through her gentle lips,  
The life that belongs to Thee ;

We love on her face, so sweet and fair,  
The shadow of Thine to see ;  
And, Lord, we each of us now would say,  
Give ever that light to me !

We see her stand, with her longing eyes  
Turned eastward, to meet the dawn ;  
Craving the promised and gladsome light  
Of the Resurrection morn.  
And we would cling to that spouse of Thine  
In her widowhood forlorn.

We would not add to the shade of grief  
That lingers upon her brow ;  
We would not add to the thorns that lie  
In this path she treads below ;  
No—we would comfort the sore-tried heart  
Of our darling mother now.

Strengthen us each for this tender task,  
Oh, strengthen us day by day ;  
That we, as children she keeps for Thee,  
May never be found astray :  
But cling to the clasp of her shielding arm,  
Till earth shall have passed away.

VII.

---

By the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation ; by Thy holy Nativity and Circumcision ; by Thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

---



H, mystery of mysteries,  
Too wonderful for thought !  
Sweet Jesu, can we guess the price  
At which Thy Church was bought ?  
Oh, can we mourn the sacrifice  
As deeply as we ought ?

Great God of heaven, by that hour—  
That early hour of shame—  
The hour when Thou didst lay aside  
The glory of Thy name ;  
When first Thy depthless love did take  
This awful weight of blame ;

Oh, by that scene in Bethlehem  
We veil our eyes before,

That hour of dread humility  
The angels, weeping, saw,  
When Thou didst taste far deeper woe  
Than that the Virgin bore ;

Oh, by that rite of Jewish law  
Which had no type for Thee,  
That shadowed dark the crimson Cross  
E'en o'er Thy infancy—  
That shadowed that dread after-scene  
Of manhood's agony ;

Oh, by the hour that Thou didst stand  
In Jordan's flowing stream,  
When came that voice from heaven down—  
That strange and wondrous gleam—  
That mighty vision, of whose form  
We scarcely dare to dream ;

Oh, by those days of trial dark,  
That Thou alone didst bear ;  
Those days so full of mystery,  
Of anguish and of fear ;  
When Thou, the King of all the earth,  
Did earth's black garments wear ;

By Thy pure soul's sharp agony,  
Its desolate distress ;  
That long, long struggle, borne alone  
In the drear wilderness—  
Borne willingly, from end to end,  
Thy fallen ones to bless ;

Oh, God of heaven, listen now ;  
Bend down a gracious ear ;  
Accept this broken lisp of praise,  
This penitential prayer ;  
And, of Thy mercy, evermore  
Thy children's voices hear !



## VIII.

By Thine Agony and bloody Sweat ; by Thy Cross and Passion ; by Thy precious Death and Burial ; by Thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension ; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

**B**Y that lone night, that dreadful night  
Of fadeless memory ;  
That writhe of mortal anguish, borne  
In calm Gethsemane ;  
That foretaste of the cruel Death,  
The Cross's agony ;—

Oh, woe, woe, woe unspeakable  
Was hanging o'er Thy Head ;  
Oh, love of love unsearchable  
In that dark vigil bled ;  
We veil our faces in the dust,  
And think of it with dread ;—

But oh, by those last hours of life  
That ebbed on Calvary ;

That bloody Cross of sin and shame  
On which Thou wast to die ;  
That sum of anguish borne alone ;  
That last pathetic cry ;

That upturned Face of agony  
Which Heaven dared not see ;  
That perfect sacrifice for all,  
Sufficient, full, and free ;  
When came the birth-right to the world,  
As throe of death to Thee ;

And by that calm awaking day,  
When Thy life's work was o'er ;  
That human life of pain and woe,  
For ever, evermore ;  
When Thou didst take again the crown  
Thy peerless Godhead bore ;

And by that last and wondrous gift  
Of love so measureless,  
That yet was left to comfort us,  
To sanctify and bless ;  
To give us, here upon the earth,  
A taste of righteousness ;

Oh, keep us now—oh, keep us now !  
Defend us day by day,  
That in the Resurrection morn,  
When old things pass away,  
That light of Thine for evermore  
May shine on us, we pray !



IX.

---

In all time of our tribulation ; in all time of our wealth ; in  
the hour of death, and in the day of judgement,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

---

**W**HEN we falter in the battle  
Of the Church's earthly strife,  
When the shadow dark declineth  
O'er the pathway of our life,  
When the breath of woe and trouble  
Makes us fainting turn away,  
O then Jesu, blessed Jesu,  
Do Thou hear us when we pray !  
When the storm of tribulation  
Lowers darkly as a doom,  
And all around is gathering  
In its mournfulness and gloom ;  
When the hush of grief falls sadly  
O'er the sunlight of a day,  
And the things we love most dearly  
Vanish suddenly away ;

Then Jesu, Lamb immaculate,  
By that passion-night of woe,  
By Thine own dark days' temptation,  
Deliver us from the foe :  
Help us to bear our Cross aright  
In the battle ranks, we cry ;  
By that dread Cross of Thine, once borne  
On the hill of Calvary.

When the light of home burns brightly,  
And the love of life is strong,  
And life itself is beautiful  
As some glad, triumphant song ;  
When golden blessings sweeten it,  
All unmixed with grief's alloy,  
And the sunny days pass o'er it  
In prosperity and joy ;  
Oh, much we need Thy watchful care  
In that time of earthly wealth,  
To preserve us from pollution,  
And to keep our souls in health ;  
To preserve us from idolatry,  
From apostasy and sin,  
From inconstancy in fighting  
That bright crown of life to win.

Keep us faithful as Thy stewards,  
Lamb of God, whom we adore,  
That we use all these rich talents  
In Thy service evermore.  
Redeemer ! God immutable !  
Let us idolize but Thee,  
That soon, in Thine own dwelling-place,  
We may Thy glory see.

When the things of earth are passing,  
Passing slowly all away,  
And the lights of earth are waning  
In the glory of that day ;  
When the links of earth are breaking  
In the iron bands of death,  
And the love of earth is fading  
With the feeble, ebbing breath ;  
When the tears of earth are ceasing  
As the vessel nears the shore,  
And the grief of earth is ending,  
Aye, for ever, evermore ;  
Then sweet Jesu, great Redeemer,  
O deliver us, we cry,  
By Thine infinite compassion,  
By Thy Cross of Calvary !

From the terrors of the valley  
Of the shadow of the grave,  
From all its dread and fearfulness,  
Gracious Intercessor, save :  
And, oh God, in Thy great mercy,  
Let the light of peace descend,  
That sweetly, calmly, trustfully,  
Our imperfect life may end.

Deliver us, deliver us  
In that awful judgment day,  
When the Book of Life is opened,  
Of Thine own great love, we pray.  
Oh, acknowledge us Thy people,  
The redeemed ones of Thy fold ;  
And let these Cross-marked brows of ours  
Bear the living Crown of gold.  
Within those radiant city walls  
Let Thy children find a place,  
Where in joy and gladness ever  
They may see Thy blessed face.  
Oh, in that new Jerusalem,  
That sweet land of light above,  
Let us hear the harp-notes echo  
Their eternal song of love ;

Let us join the wondrous music,  
    In its passionless delight ;  
Let us feed our souls for ever  
    In the glory of Thy sight ;  
In the far-off land of promise,  
    In the mansions of the blest,  
In the city of the angels,  
    Where the weary are at rest.

Holy Jesu, great Redeemer,  
    O deliver us, we pray—  
Thine own belovèd, ransomed ones—  
    In the dreaded judgment day ;  
And do Thou keep us in the world,  
    Who Thyself its sorrow bore,  
That we may, in Thy dear footsteps,  
    Win that rest for evermore.



## X.

We sinners do beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord God ; and that it may please Thee to rule and govern Thy holy Church universal in the right way ;

*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

IGHT of the world, O shine on us,  
Thy little flock below ;  
Shine on this path we daily tread,  
Shine on each poor, defenceless head,  
Shine through the shadows dark and dread,  
That hover round us now.

Light of the world, O shine on us,  
Thy little pilgrim-band ;  
Shine on the way once trod before  
By Thine own feet, in sorrow sore,  
That leads us onward to the shore  
Of Sion's Sabbath-land.

Light of the world, O shine on us ;  
Let us Thy presence see ;

Shine backward with a lasting gleam,  
A loving, unpolluted stream,  
From that sweet home of which we dream,  
To guide us there to Thee.

Light of the world, be visible ;  
In every cloud be seen ;  
In every taste of soul-distress,  
In every step of weariness,  
Shine backward o'er this wilderness  
That stretches out between.

Light of the world, be merciful,  
And lead us safely on ;  
On through the rough and bleak highway,  
Where perils wait in dread array  
To snare each pilgrim-soul away  
When he is once alone.

Light of the world, reveal—reveal  
And turn from us all harm ;  
Make clear the road to Jordan's side,  
And meet us by its rushing tide,  
For never evil may betide  
Those sheltered by Thine arm.

Light of the world, O shine on us,  
As through that vale we flee ;  
That in the city, fair and bright,  
That lies beyond—beyond our sight,  
We each, in robes of bridal white,  
May stand at last with Thee.



XI.

---

That it may please Thee to bless and keep all Thy people ;  
*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

---

ARK ! the Church's prayer upspringing,  
Like a plaintive anthem ringing  
Dim cathedral aisles among !  
Jesu, by Thy sweet compassion,  
By Thine own most bitter Passion,  
Hear that universal song.

Leave Thy chosen people never,  
Guide their feeble footsteps ever,  
Refuge of the desolate :  
Let not one of all be failing—  
Other powers dread prevailing—  
God of gods, immaculate !

Special love we are bespeaking,  
Special grace we now are seeking  
For Thy servant—England's Queen :  
Let Thy tender care be o'er her,  
Keep the Light of light before her ;  
Let not tempter come between.

In each bright and dazzling hour  
Of her earthly pomp and power,  
Let Thy Spirit hover by ;  
May she find her sweetest pleasure  
In Thine own exhaustless treasure,  
Lord of life and majesty.

Let her, in her wealth of blessing,  
While the world is still caressing,  
All her life devote to Thee ;  
And in woe or joy attend her ;  
Let Thine Arm of grace defend her ;  
Shield and guard her lovingly.

And, dear Saviour, we beseech Thee,  
Let an intercession reach Thee  
For the heir of England's throne ;  
That, the paths of wisdom treading,  
He may, mighty nations leading,  
Glorify Thy Name alone.

Aye, and let all those belonging  
To his line, those paths be thronging—  
    Brother, sister, wife or child ;  
Keep them, Saviour ; leave them never ;  
Wash in Thy pure Blood for ever  
    Precious souls, by sin defiled.

God of heaven, we beseech Thee,  
Let another prayer now reach Thee—  
    Let it reach Thee evermore :  
Oh, on those ordained to lead us,  
And with Bread of heaven feed us,  
    Richest grace and blessing pour.

Teach them in their sacred calling,  
And preserve their feet from falling ;  
    Let them ever copy Thee :  
Source of light and peace undying,  
Let them ever, self-denying,  
    For Thy Church work faithfully.

Bearing Thine own burden boldly,  
Recking not that roughly, coldly,  
    Winds of earth come sweeping by :  
Telling but that old, old story,  
Seeking but to swell Thy glory,  
    Daily, hourly, till they die.

Though so heavy is the burden,  
Wins it not a precious guerdon  
When the day of days shall be ?  
Aye, though rough the path, and dreary,  
Let them faint not, nor be weary ;  
It was Thine—it leads to Thee.

And for all in earthly power,  
All who govern, in this hour  
We would also ask Thy grace ;  
That they wisely judge, and for Thee.  
Send upon them now the glory  
And the brightness of Thy face.

Lead us, one and all, for ever ;  
Shepherd, King, forsake us never  
In the work we have in store.  
Let Thy love and mercy feed us,  
In the toilsome path still lead us—  
Thou hast trodden it before.

Hark ! the Church's prayer upspringing,  
Like a plaintive anthem ringing  
Dim cathedral arches by !  
Jesu ! by Thy sweet compassion,  
By Thine own most bitter Passion  
Hear the universal cry.

XII.

---

That it may please Thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord ;

*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

---



H, silence the tumult of war for ever,  
Dear Fountain of peace, in this world of  
Thine,  
Oh, hush all its anguish, and woe, and terror,  
With accents of pity, with grace divine ;  
And grant that the desolate cry may never  
Go up in despair from its bloody shrine.

So fair is the earth that stretches out yonder,  
Each valley and mountain, river and plain ;  
So golden the sunsets, so thrilling with wonder  
The dawning of day o'er the land again :  
Alas ! that it should, in its matchless grandeur,  
E'er look on the blood of the foully slain.

So soft are the breezes above us flying,  
So tender their notes as they pass away ;  
But yet they may echo the savage crying  
Of struggling armies for victory ;  
The bitter curse o'er a soldier dying—  
The clashing of steel o'er the senseless clay.

So bright is the sky that stretches above us,  
So stainless the clouds in that azure deep ;  
Waking the thought of the angels who love us,  
And hover around us, their watch to keep.  
And musing of angels, it strangely moves us  
To think that, beholding, e'en they must weep.

If angels, that dwell in such fadeless glory,  
Are keeping their guard on the battle plain,  
Oh, how can they look on the torrent gory ?  
Oh, how can they look on their loved ones slain ?  
And how can they carry that awful story  
Of passionate hatred, to God again ?

Oh, messengers gentle of love undying,  
Oh, Source of all mercy, Saviour of peace,  
The Church in her anguish to Thee is crying,  
Beseaching these uproars on earth may cease ;  
From every bond of the Devil's tying  
Do Thou, blessed Jesu, Thy Church release.

O God, from Thy throne, where no warfare rages,  
Thy throne in the heavens, bend down and see,  
And stem this dark battle the world still wages ;  
Bid hatred and tumults for ever flee ;  
And grant, of Thy pity, that coming ages  
May find us at peace with ourselves and Thee.



## XIII.

That it may please Thee to give us an heart to love and dread  
 Thee, and diligently to live after Thy commandments ;  
*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

**L**IKE a harp that with music is always thrilling,  
 Touched by a master-hand, tender and fond ;  
 Like melody ever unmarred and unbroken,  
 That breathes of the choristers' notes beyond—  
 Beyond, in the land where the anthem is ringing,  
 The anthem that angels for ever are singing ;—  
 So tune all our hearts in this world below,  
 And let Thy Hand waken the music now.

Like a sea that, in light of the moon, is flowing  
 Silently, softly, and steadily on ;  
 Its bosom reflecting the mystical glory,  
 The glory that guideth its tide alone :

All hushed on the shore, where the wavelet is sighing—

No passionate storm-winds, no hurricane flying :

So let all our hearts, like that singing sea,

Reflect but the light that belongs to Thee.

Like a dove that flies to his home in the woodlands,

There, safe from the fowler, to fold his wing ;

To that peaceful retreat—to his forest shelter,

Whose leafy aisles with his soft notes ring ;

Where he knows that no snare of the foe can bind him,

And fears not that danger should follow and find him ;

Oh, so let our hearts to the Refuge flee ;

So let us rest and find shelter in Thee.

Like a garland of lilies, the altar crowning,

Tenderly woven by reverent hands,

And laid there as grateful and beautiful incense,

More pure than the spices of Eastern lands—

To welcome the light of a festival dawning,

To symbol the joy of a glorious morning—

Thus fragrant and fair make our hearts to be,

And thus let us offer them unto Thee.



## XIV.

That it may please Thee to give to all Thy people increase of grace to hear meekly Thy Word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit ;

*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*



ORD, till this garden fair,  
This Church of Thine :  
Plough up the soil, and root out each rank weed,  
And plant it with the tender, precious seed  
Of life divine.

Lord, watch this wondrous germ  
For evermore :  
Let nothing earthly e'er defile Thine own,  
No tempter's hand disturb what Thou hast sown,  
We now implore.

Lord, let no tares spring up  
For evermore,

To crush the beauty of its summer bloom,  
To sap its life, and shadow it with gloom,  
We now implore.

Lord, water Thou Thy Church  
For evermore  
With dew of grace—the shower from above—  
The pure, refreshing stream of life and love—  
We now implore.

Lord, send the sunshine down  
For evermore,  
That this fair garden—precious in Thy sight—  
Pines not, nor languishes, for lack of light,  
We now implore.

Lord, grant that it may bloom  
For evermore ;  
And grant that, when the Harvest-day shall be,  
Thine Angel-reapers gather fruit for Thee,  
We now implore.



## XV.

---

That it may please Thee to bring into the way of truth all such  
as have erred, and are deceived ;

*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

---

**J**ESU, gentle Shepherd, hear us ;  
Guard this fold of Thine below :  
Let the sheep of Thy salvation  
Each Thy loving accents know.

Let those far from its safe shelter  
Hear the sweet and tender tone ;  
Those that now are lost, and straying  
In a trackless world alone.

Some have left the shady portals,  
Some have never found that gate ;  
Save them, Lord of all compassion !  
'Tis for such we supplicate.

Can we guess how many perils  
Has the wilderness in store ?  
Can we guess how many wander  
Through it, to return no more ?

Mountain-passes, dark and dreary,  
Desert wastes are there, we know ;  
Scorching plains of sandy upland,  
Valleys full of dread below.

No pure stream of gushing waters,  
Pilgrim lips to satisfy ;  
No cool shade of Elim's palm-trees,  
Where the wanderer may lie.

But, instead, the wasteful fever,  
And the pitfall, and the snare ;  
Buds of hope, and ashen blossoms—  
No sweet pasturage is there.

Gentle Shepherd, lead us ever  
With Thine own unfailing Arm ;  
By Thy side we know no danger,  
In Thy love we fear no harm.

Gather all Thy flock together,  
In this Fold of Thine, we pray,  
That one lamb may not be missing  
In the dread accounting-day.



## XVI.

---

That it may please Thee to strengthen such as do stand ; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted ; and to raise up them that fall ; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet ;

*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

---

**W**HEN we try Thy steps to follow  
Through this pilgrim-path below ;  
When we seek the blessed Footprints  
That have gone before, to know ;  
When we try Thy Cross to carry  
In this world of sin and strife ;  
When we try to take the pattern  
Of Thy stainless, perfect Life ;  
When we try to do our duty  
With a humble, cheerful heart,  
Quite content, if but Thy presence  
And Thy blessing be our part ;  
When we try to spend our talents  
To the honour of Thy Name,

Shrinking not, for Thee, to suffer  
E'en the bitter tears of shame ;  
When we try in love to hallow  
The baptismal sign we wear ;  
When we strive, and pray, and struggle,  
That dread Cross of Thine to bear—  
Jesu ! Jesu ! Intercessor !  
Give us evermore Thy strength,  
That we conquer in the battle,  
And receive the Crown at length !

When our feeble steps are flagging,  
And the road is dark and drear ;  
When our coward hearts are failing,  
And we turn aside for fear ;  
When the haunting shadows lengthen,  
And the Light we dimly see,  
And we weary of the burden  
That is given us by Thee ;  
When the storms of life are rising,  
And the rain is falling fast,  
And the pretty buds of promise  
Seem all broken by the blast ;  
When the hopes of life are scattered,  
And the blossoms faded lie,

And we cannot see the purpose  
    Of the Hand that bade them die :  
Then, O God of love and mercy,  
    Give us grace and faith, we pray :  
Do Thou make us work more bravely  
    For the Resurrection-day ;  
Do Thou strengthen each weak spirit,  
    Do Thou break each earthly bond,  
Do Thou lead us to the glory  
    Of that angel-life beyond.

When we stumble in our journey,  
    And our footsteps go astray,  
And we feel ourselves bewildered  
    In the rough, intricate way ;  
When the waiting foe has found us  
    In some dark, unguarded hour,  
And has wooed us from our duty  
    Into sin's accursèd power ;  
When the Cross, the Cross of blessing,  
    That we look not for, nor find,  
With its light of peace and gladness,  
    Standeth mournfully behind ;  
When the dark, dark, dark surf, breaking  
    On the far-off, busy shore,

With no sun of hope beyond it,  
    Stretcheth sullenly before ;  
No guide, no path, no beacon-light,  
    And no day-beam, pure and fair,  
But mystery, and doubt, and shame,  
    And passionate despair—  
O blessed Jesu, in such strait,  
    Deliverer, Saviour be !  
Rescue the sinning soul, we pray,  
    And entice it back to Thee.

Oh, remember Thy temptation  
    In the wilderness below,  
And lift up Thine arm of power—  
    Lift it up against the foe.  
Shall he vex Thy Bride belovèd,  
    In her patient toil and care ?  
Shall he tempt Thy lambs to wander  
    Into sin's most subtle snare ?  
Shall he wield his cursèd weapons  
    With that swift, unerring hand,  
And Thine own redeemèd children,  
    With a victor's voice, demand ?  
Shall he glory in this battle  
    That is waging here below ?

Shall he bring such dark dishonour  
On the Cross, Christ's banner, now ?  
No ! for Thou hast promised ever,  
When we supplicate, to hear ;  
And with Thee to shield and guide us,  
We no foes of hell can fear.  
Jesu ! Jesu ! Intercessor !  
Give us evermore Thy strength,  
That we conquer in the battle,  
And receive the crown at length.



## XVII.

That it may please Thee to succour, help, and comfort, all  
that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation ;

*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

**S**AVIOUR, by Thy sweet compassion,  
So unmeasured, so divine ;  
By that bitter, bitter Passion,  
By that crimson Cross of Thine ;  
By the woes Thy love once tasted  
In this sin-marred world below—  
Succour those in tribulation,  
Succour those in sorrow now.

Thou who wast so sorely burdened,  
Help the weak that are oppressed ;  
Sanctify all earthly crosses  
For the coming day of rest ;  
Give the meek a trustful spirit  
That will always lean on Thee,  
And in storms of deep affliction  
Still Thy gracious Presence see.

Lord, Thou hast a holy purpose  
In each suffering we bear ;  
In each throe of pain and terror,  
In each secret, silent tear ;  
In the weary days of sickness,  
Famine, want, and loneliness ;  
In our night-time of bereavement,  
In our soul's Lent-bitterness.

All the needful, sweet correction  
Of this gentle Hand of Thine,  
All Thy wise and careful nurture,  
All Thy faultless discipline,—  
All to purge the precious metal  
Till it will reflect Thy face ;  
All to shape and polish jewels  
Thine own diadem to grace.

Lord, we know that we must ever  
Take our Cross, and follow Thee  
All along the narrow pathway,  
If we would Thy glory see.  
Then, O help us each to bear it  
By Thine own hard life of shame ;  
Let us suffer well and meekly,  
Let us glorify Thy name.

Cheer the weak ones who are bending  
'Neath this weary burden now ;  
Lift the pallid faces upward,  
Smooth the care-worn, furrowed brow.  
Send a bright and hopeful message  
To each tried and tempted heart,  
That the thick and gloomy shadows  
At that sunshine may depart.

Tell them Thou canst see all sorrow  
In this world's rough wilderness ;  
Tell them Thou art near to succour,  
And to comfort and to bless ;  
Tell them of *Thy* Cross and Passion,  
Tell them of Thy trials sore,  
Tell them of the Angel-city  
Where is joy for evermore.



XVIII.

---

That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water, all women labouring of child, all sick persons, and young children ; and to shew Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives ;

*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

---

 ORD of life, we kneel before Thee,  
And as, kneeling, we adore Thee,  
From Thy Throne in heaven hear ;  
Let this intercession reach Thee  
For Thy children, we beseech Thee ;  
Father, Jesu, Spirit, hear !

Those in peril now abiding,  
On Thine Arm can lean confiding ;  
Thy protection we invoke ;  
Earth is full of hidden danger,  
But Thou canst protect the stranger  
From each sudden, fatal stroke.

Hear us, as we now are praying  
That the feet in peril straying  
Thou wilt mercifully keep :  
Let Thine Arm of might defend them ;  
Let Thy loving care attend them—  
Eyes that slumber not, nor sleep.

Every little journey guiding,  
Near the heedless step abiding,  
Whether on the land or sea :  
When the sun is sweetly shining,  
When the shadows are declining,  
Night or day, our guardian be.

Succour Thou all those who languish  
In the mother's time of anguish—  
In that tribulation sore ;  
Watch them, tasting death's dread power  
In one brief but bitter hour,  
And the light of life restore.

And be with the sick and weary,  
When the world seems dark and dreary,  
Comfort them with voice divine :

Many are there slowly dying,  
Many more in weakness lying,  
With no hope, no peace but Thine.

Let them evermore be gaining  
Love and faith, that uncomplaining  
They may each their Cross endure ;  
When this feeble life's declining,  
Oh, let heavenly hope be shining,  
With its glory bright and pure ;

And again we would implore Thee,  
Humbly kneeling now before Thee,  
All Thy little ones to bless ;  
Guard the tender lambs, and guide them,  
That no evil may betide them,  
In this stormy wilderness.

Let not those young feet be straying  
Thy commandments disobeying,  
Nor the laughing lips deceive ;  
Spare the guileless hands from sinning,  
Now this work of life beginning :  
Hands that must the Cross receive.

Then, Thy tender love bespeaking,  
And Thy boundless pity seeking,  
    We for captives pray to Thee ;  
Those who languish, sick and weary,  
In a dungeon, dark and dreary,  
    Pining sore for liberty.

Such as need the stern correction,  
Deal with in Thy wise affection,  
    Sanctify the discipline ;  
Woo the stubborn hearts to feeling,  
Thy compassion sweet revealing ;  
    Make the prison-dwelling Thine.

And all those unjustly bearing  
This sore punishment, and wearing  
    The detested brand of shame,  
Comfort, comfort with Thy blessing,  
That, the light of life possessing,  
    They may suffer in Thy name.



## XIX.

---

'That it may please Thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed ;

*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

---

**B**ARTHLY props are ever falling ;  
Love is blighted by a breath ;  
Strongest links are daily breaking  
In the iron grasp of Death.

Pretty dreams of golden promise  
That dread touch will sweep away ;  
Hopes that years of toil created  
Fade and vanish in a day.

Ties of home, so sweet and tender,  
Binding many lives in one,  
Suddenly are burst asunder,  
Leaving hearts to mourn alone.

Earthly love, like sunshine glowing,  
Full of rapture and delight,  
Heralds death and disappointment  
E'en as morning heralds night.

But to all the sad and lonely,  
All the poor and desolate,  
Thou canst give a stream of blessing  
Evermore to satiate.

Thou art our beloved Protector,  
To whose love we ever flee ;  
In the days of earthly trial  
Who can succour us but Thee ?



XX.

---

That it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men ;  
*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

---

 PON Thine Arm confiding,  
Though other hopes forsake ;  
In Thy dear love abiding,  
Though other bonds shall break ;  
Our crosses, uncomplaining,  
And thankfully to bear ;  
Thy mercy each sustaining,  
Its heavy weight to share.

With grief and sin beside us,  
To cling in faith to Thee,  
To feel that Thou wilt hide us  
From wrath and misery ;  
With earthly glare surrounding  
To tempt our souls to sin,  
To feel Thy love abounding  
Without us and within.

That love all wants supplying  
So steadfast and so sure,  
So tender and undying,  
So passionless and pure ;  
That every care can lighten,  
And sorrows take away,  
And all our journey brighten  
With its celestial ray.

When o'er our path declining  
Sin's gloomy shadows lie,  
When no sweet light is shining,  
And fairest flowers die ;  
When all our props seem falling,  
And all our hopes to flee,  
To know a voice is calling,  
Is calling us to Thee.

Oh, be it so for ever,  
For ever, evermore :  
O Lamb, so pure and spotless,  
Whom, kneeling, we adore,  
We pray Thee be beside us  
To keep our souls from harm ;  
In life or death to hide us  
In Thy unfailing Arm.

XXI.

---

That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts ;

*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

---

**A**S we now to Thee are praying,  
Lord, in Thy great majesty,  
There comes back the sacred echo  
Of a sweet, sad memory.  
We can see that dread cross standing  
In its awe and mystery ;  
We can see our Saviour dying  
In His dreadful agony.

We can see those dark, fierce faces,  
We can hear the taunting cry ;  
We can hear the savage voices  
Ring from mourning Calvary ;  
We can hear the cruel message  
Uttered there so bitterly,  
We can see that Saviour blessed  
Turn His Face away to die.

Stricken in His human weakness  
By those unrelenting hands ;  
Scourged and bleeding, faint and dying,  
Paying what His love demands ;  
Mocked, insulted, and dishonoured  
By those reckless, lawless bands ;  
With its blood, and woe, and darkness,  
Evermore that picture stands.

Yet that last and holy lesson  
Jesus taught His people there,  
When He yearned in tender pity  
O'er the children of His care ;  
When in death He still remembered  
Even those who hung him there,  
When His gentle, loving spirit  
Breathed that unforgotten prayer.

Comes the thought as music stealing,  
Passing all, all else sublime,  
'Mid the harsh discordant voices  
Of that dark and dreadful time ;  
Like the sound, in tempest terror,  
Of the peaceful Sabbath chime,  
Like the breeze of twilight freshness  
In some fever-laden clime.

Thus we catch the blessed echo  
Of our Saviour's parting sigh ;  
Lord, as e'en we try to follow  
His dear steps to Calvary,  
As we take that sweet example  
Our own lives to fashion by,  
Let our lips give back the spirit  
Of that one pathetic cry.

As in days of persecution,  
When His martyrs, strong and brave,  
Those whose cruel hands condemned them  
Freely, for His sake, forgave ;  
When in patient love they suffered  
All that mortal hatred gave ;  
When, for that dear Name, they gloried  
E'en in a dishonoured grave :

So let us be thinking ever  
Of our foes—if such there be ;  
Let us plead for all their failings,  
Let us bring their woes to Thee.  
Lord of heaven, just and mighty,  
Kneeling now, Thy children see ;  
Hear the plea for those who hate them—  
Saviour, hear the special plea.

Lord, forgive all past unkindness  
They have shewn to Thee and Thine ;  
Let the light of love so hallowed,  
In each wayward spirit shine.  
May they all, and we too, ever  
Copy that great love of Thine,  
So unselfish and forbearing,  
So unmeasured and divine.



XXII.

---

That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them ;  
*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

---

 AIR is the earth in its last and best beauty,  
Robed in its crimson, and brown, and gold ;  
Tints of the autumn-days, mellow and glowing,  
Bright when decaying, lovely when old.

Breathing of life when it softly declineth,  
Wealthy in faith and in deeds of love ;  
Breathing of death, when he gathereth fondly  
Stores to take back to the courts above.

Wide-stretching pastures of emerald brightness,  
Forests as fair in their changing glow ;  
Corn-waving uplands, so sunny and golden,  
Fruit-purpled groves in the vales below.

Paths that are lavishly scattered with blossoms,  
Beautiful gems in their bed of green ;  
Breezes all laden with wonderful perfumes—  
Types of another world, yet unseen.

Noons so unshadowed, and red-blazing sunsets,  
Skies of such deep and transparent blue,  
Midnights of holy and passionless moonlight,  
Mornings of every brilliant hue.

These are the marvellous riches of Autumn,  
These are the beauties we love to see,  
Telling, in silent but eloquent language,  
How in return we should worship Thee.

Lord of the harvest, though never deserving  
One golden grain that Thy Hands bestow,  
Let us still gather the wealth of the corn-fields,  
Let us the blessing of plenty know.

Let us still see, 'neath the sunshine of Autumn,  
Fair waving fields of that smiling grain ;  
As we have gathered to store up our garners,  
So let us gather and store again.

And, above all, make our hearts to be thankful,  
Fruitful for ever in love to Thee ;  
Grant that we use all our manifold blessings  
Carefully, wisely, and gratefully.

As we receive in such bountiful measure,  
So may we give to the one who needs,  
Sheving the love and the faith of a Christian  
Not in lip-service, but in good deeds.

Works that remain for a glorious harvest,  
When the last Autumn of all shall be ;  
Thrice-blessèd fruits for the heavenly garner—  
Fruits that the angels will reap for Thee.



## XXIII.

---

That it may please Thee to give us true repentance ; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances ; and to endue us with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to Thy holy Word ;

*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.*

---

LET our hearts, with sin so darkened,  
Mourn in sorrow hushed and deep,  
Let us bend our faces earthward,  
Let us shade our eyes to weep ;  
Let us pant our souls to waken  
From all insecure repose,  
Let us try, with stedfast purpose,  
Hidden failings to disclose ;  
Let us bear the stinging message  
Conscience whispers, rightly now ;  
Make us, in unfeignèd anguish,  
At Thy gracious footstool bow :  
Let it wring the heart of iron,  
Let it break the subtle band ;

Let it wake the thrill of horror—  
That unseen, relentless hand.  
Oh, in deep humiliation  
We would to Thy mercy flee ;  
Oh, we would in true repentance  
Come and tell our woes to Thee :  
We would, all our sins confessing,  
Seek true comfort from above ;  
We would—poor, and vile, and wretched—  
Hold up empty hands for love.

Lord of heaven, high and mighty,  
Hear this penitential prayer ;  
Erring children kneel before Thee—  
Father, Saviour, Spirit hear !  
All these sins, so great and countless,  
Of Thy tender love, forgive,  
That our souls, renewed and blessed,  
In Thy favour yet may live.  
Many crimes of deadly darkness  
Lay we, weeping, at Thy Feet ;  
Broken hearts, with deep contrition,  
Plead at Thy dread mercy-seat ;  
Heavy laden with transgressions,  
At Thy Cross behold us bow :

Jesu ! Jesu ! gentle Saviour,  
Succour Thy poor children now ;  
Thou who suffered such dishonour,  
Look upon our trouble sore,  
In Thy sweet and boundless pity  
Wash us white for evermore.  
Purge away these drops of poison  
With that precious blood of Thine,  
That our souls may drink for ever  
Of the stream of life divine.

And give back the Holy Spirit,  
With His sanctifying grace :  
Let Him in our hearts for ever  
Find a quiet resting-place.  
Lord of life and peace undying,  
Gentle Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
Shield us with Thy gracious presence,  
Shield us with Thy tender love ;  
Fold Thy guardian wings around us,  
Cover each defenceless head,  
Be with us, as, feebly, faintly,  
This rough wilderness we tread.  
And Lord Jesus, Intercessor,  
Thou hast borne this life before,

So ordain that we may follow  
In Thy footsteps evermore :  
Let us labour, self-denying,  
Thy great kingdom to extend ;  
And our precious golden talents  
All for Thee and Thine to spend.  
With a chastened, cheerful spirit,  
Help us each Thy Cross to bear,  
And, a faithful warfare ended,  
Thine own Crown at last to wear.

---

Son of God : we beseech Thee to hear us.

O Lamb of God : that takest away the sins of the world ;  
*Grant us Thy peace.*

O Lamb of God : that takest away the sins of the world ;  
*Have mercy upon us.*





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